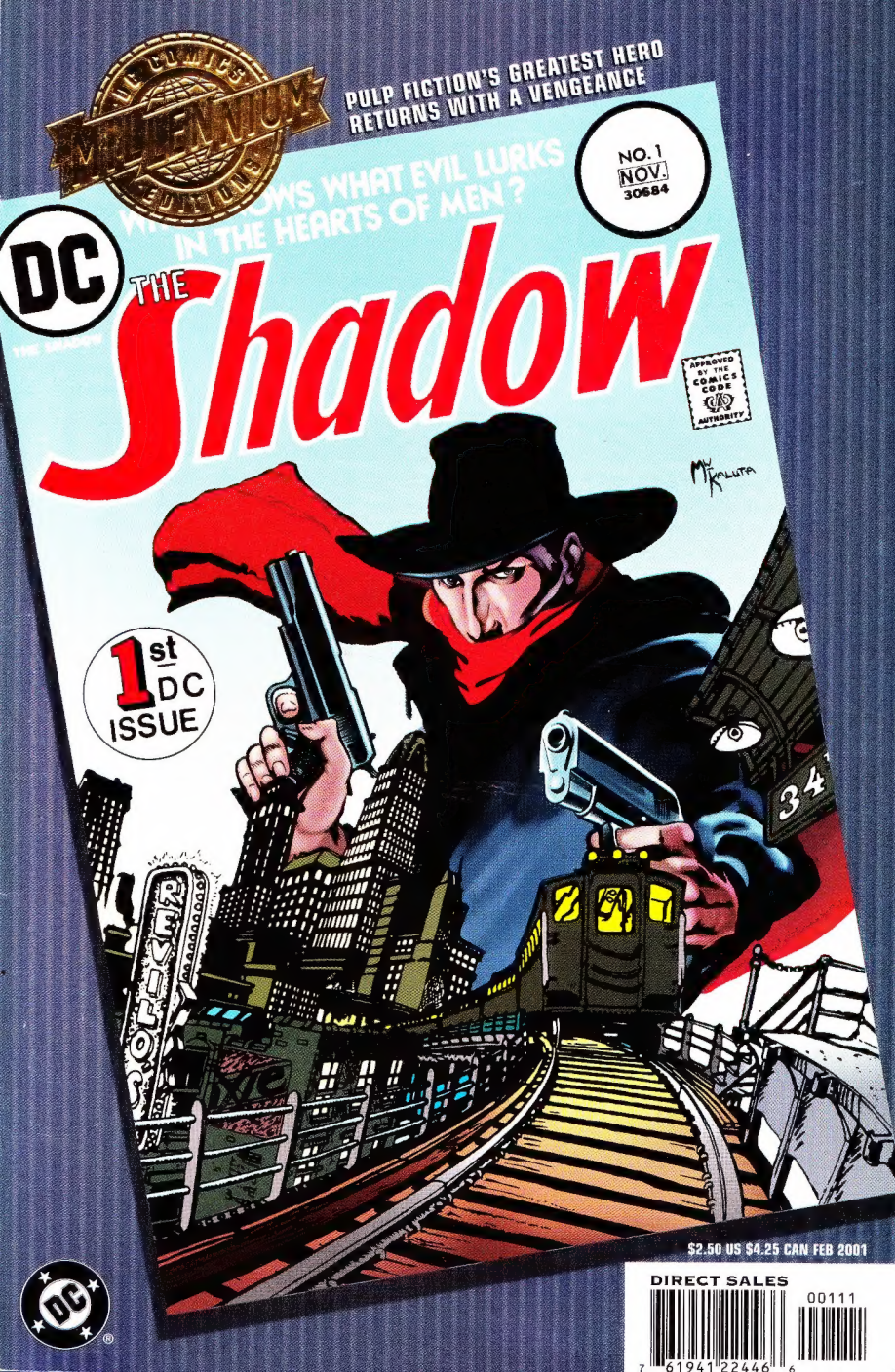
DC COMICS
MILLENNIUM EDITION
PULP FICTION'S GREATEST HERO RETURNS WITH A VENGEANCE
WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?
NO. 1
NOV.
30684
DC
THE SHADOW
THE
Shadow
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MK KALUTA
1st DC ISSUE
COLLIER
$2.50 US $4.25 CAN FEB 2001
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A thousand years ago, the state of the art that combines words and pictures was the illuminated manuscript - a carefully crafted, fragile document telling a tale only a select few would ever be privileged to read. A thousand years from now, the art form may evolve so that each of us takes the raw electrons from the air and turns them into our own fantasies, moving and speaking on command for the world to access. In between those forms, we have comics.

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REMEMBERING THE MILLENNIUM

THE SHADOW #1
Out of the Shadows — and into Comics

He was a figure of darkness whose uncanny ability to know what evil lurks in the hearts of men allowed him to dispense justice quickly and brutally, not once showing a shred of self-doubt. Although the Shadow is best remembered as a star of radio, DC's first comic-book version of the SHADOW was derived primarily from the vision of author Walter Gibson, who introduced the Shadow in the 1931 novel "The Living Shadow."

Unlike the version heard on radio, this Shadow does not turn invisible. He does, however, command a cadre of compatriots who serve him with unquestioning loyalty. He carries a pair of .45 automatics, pilots an autogyro, and sports the hypnotic girasol ring. An avenging spirit who plumbs the dark side of his psyche to act as a champion of justice, the Shadow inspired masked vigilantes including Dr. Mid-Nite, the Phantom Stranger, and the Spectre. Even DC's own Dark Knight once admitted that he patterned his own career after the Shadow's in the pages of BATMAN #253 (November 1973).

By 1949, the day of the pulp magazines was over, and the *Shadow Magazine* was canceled; the Shadow radio show was soon pulled off the air as well. Although not forgotten, the Shadow stood idle for fifteen years, with no new material produced, until a 1964 comic-book revival that saw this most mysterious of figures recast as a super-hero.

After just eight issues, our hero receded into the shadows once more. Then, in 1973, DC Comics Publisher Carmine Infantino decided it was time for the Shadow to walk again —

continued on inside back cover →

MILLENNIUM EDITION: THE SHADOW No. 1. February, 2001 (Originally published as THE SHADOW Vol. 1, No. 1, October-November 1973.
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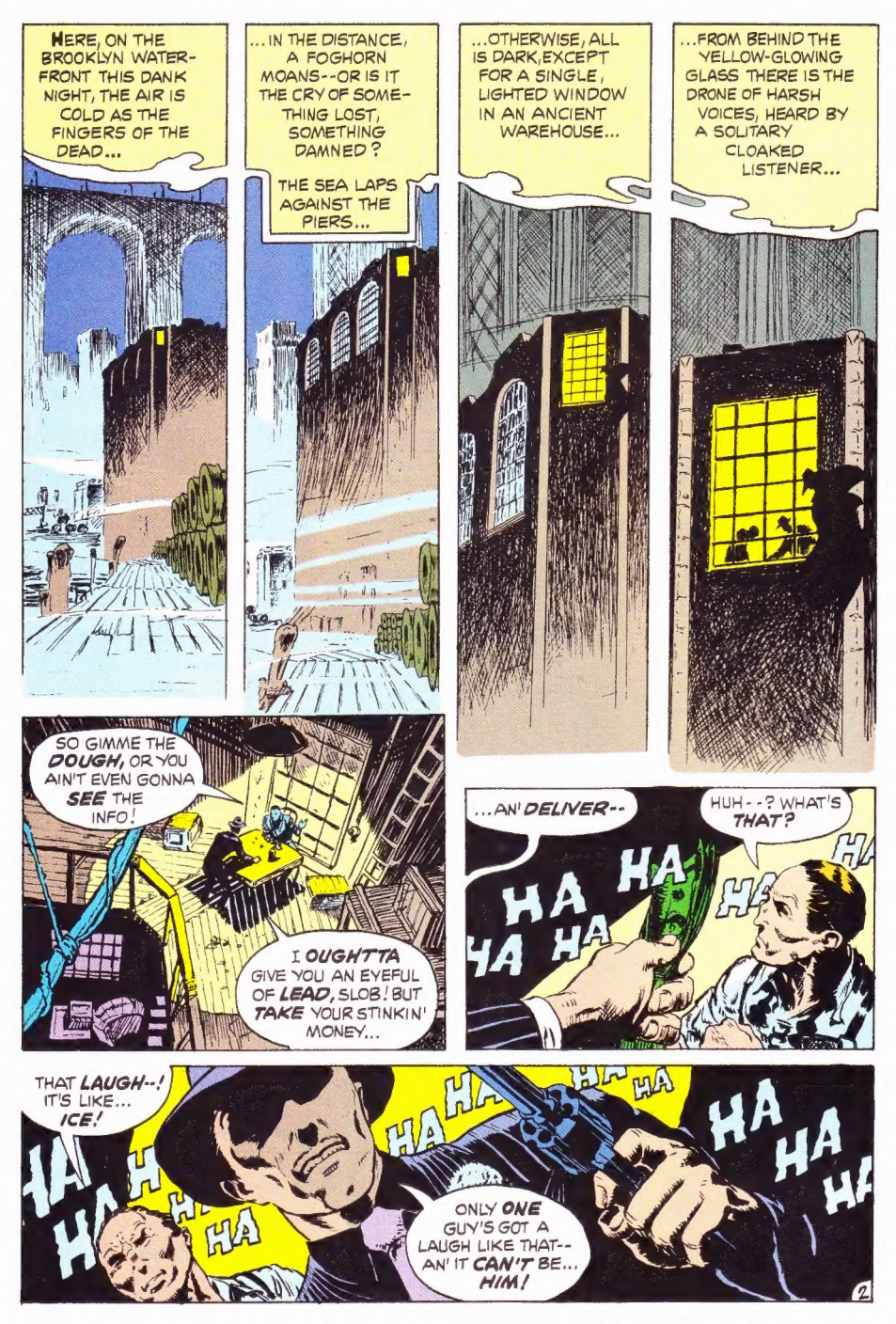
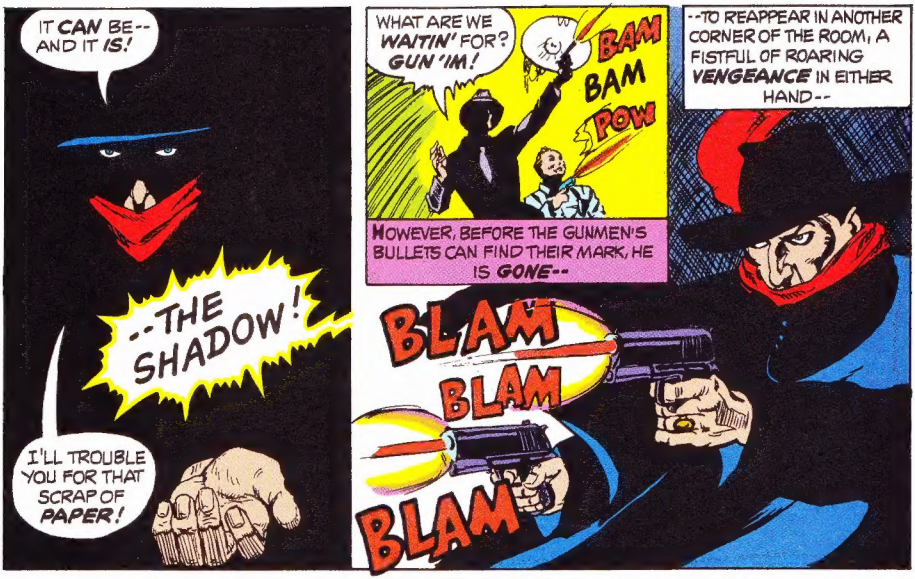
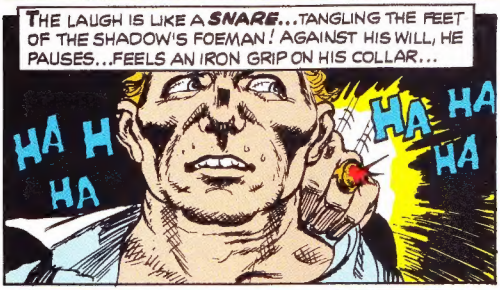
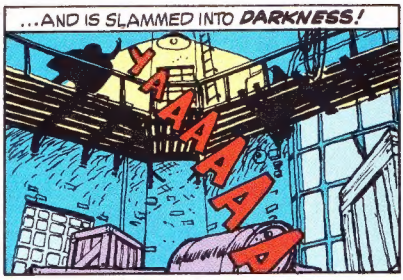
INTRODUCING...
THE GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTER EVER---
THE Shadow
HE IS FEARED BY ALL WHO TRANSGRESS THE LAW, BY ALL WHO PLAN EVIL...HE COMES FROM NOWHERE AND MELTS BACK INTO NOTHINGNESS AS SILENTLY AS HIS NAMESAKE...
HE ACTS IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE, STRIKING SWIFTLY, STUNNINGLY, FINALLY...
WITH SPITTING AUTOMATICS AND A LAUGH THAT CHILLS THE MARROW, HE LEADS A BAND OF LOYAL AGENTS AGAINST THE NATION'S WRONGDOERS....
FOLLOW HIM NOW, AS HE BATTLES THE CLOCK IN A DESPERATE RACE TO SOLVE...
THE DOOM PUZZLE!
FROM THE Shadow's PRIVATE ANNALS, AS RECORDED BY: DENNY O'NEIL - WRITER / MY KALUTA - ARTIST

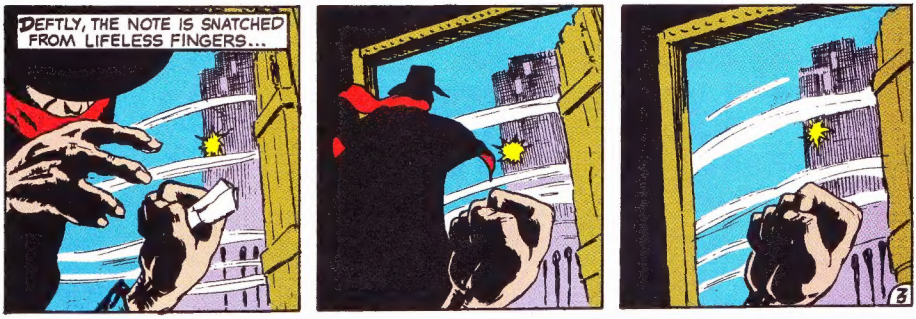

HERE, ON THE BROOKLYN WATER-FRONT THIS DANK NIGHT, THE AIR IS COLD AS THE FINGERS OF THE DEAD...
...IN THE DISTANCE, A FOGHORN MOANS--OR IS IT THE CRY OF SOME-THING LOST, SOMETHING DAMNED?
THE SEA LAPS AGAINST THE PIERS...
...OTHERWISE, ALL IS DARK, EXCEPT FOR A SINGLE, LIGHTED WINDOW IN AN ANCIENT WAREHOUSE...
...FROM BEHIND THE YELLOW-GLOWING GLASS THERE IS THE DRONE OF HARSH VOICES, HEARD BY A SOLITARY CLOAKED LISTENER...
SO GIMME THE DOUGH, OR YOU AIN'T EVEN GONNA SEE THE INFO!
I OUGHTTA GIVE YOU AN EYEFUL OF LEAD, SLOB! BUT TAKE YOUR STINKIN' MONEY...
...AN' DELIVER--
HUH--? WHAT'S THAT?
HA HA HA HA HA HA
THAT LAUGH--! IT'S LIKE... ICE!
ONLY ONE GUY'S GOT A LAUGH LIKE THAT-- AN' IT CAN'T BE... HIM!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

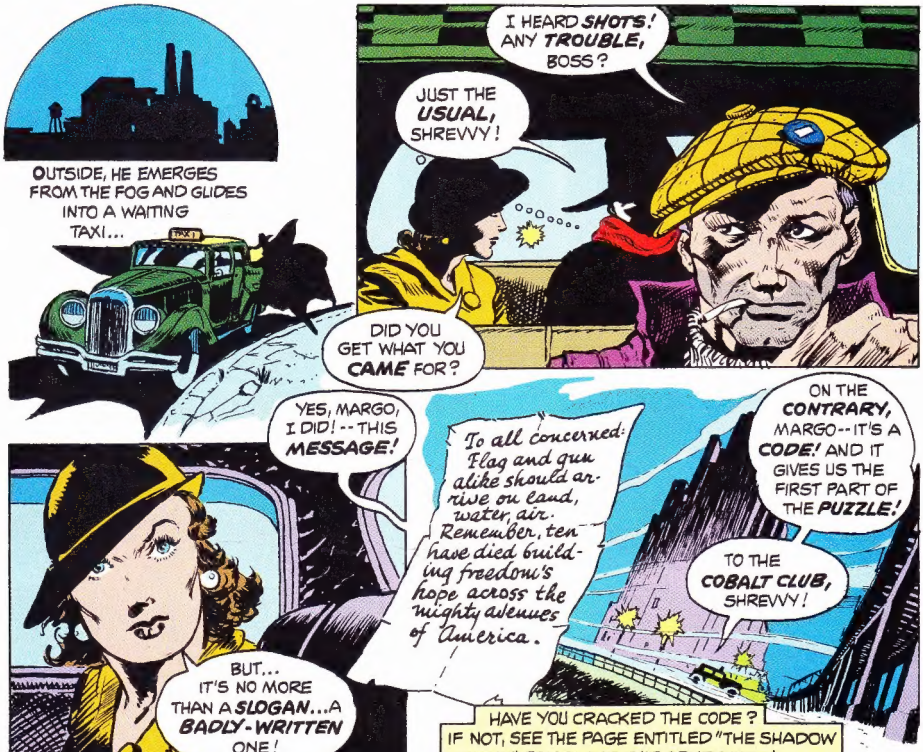

IT CAN BE-- AND IT IS!
--THE SHADOW!
I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THAT SCRAP OF PAPER!
WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? GUN 'IM!
BAM BAM POW
HOWEVER, BEFORE THE GUNMEN'S BULLETS CAN FIND THEIR MARK, HE IS GONE--
--TO REAPPEAR IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE ROOM, A FISTFUL OF ROARING VENGEANCE IN EITHER HAND--
BLAM BLAM BLAM

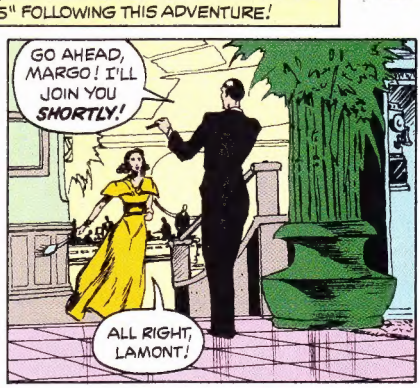
I...I'M GETTIN' OUT!
UNNGH


THE LAUGH IS LIKE A SNARE...TANGLING THE FEET OF THE SHADOW'S FOEMAN! AGAINST HIS WILL, HE PAUSES...FEELS AN IRON GRIP ON HIS COLLAR...
HA HA HA
HA HA HA


...AND IS SLAMMED INTO DARKNESS!
YAAAAAA


DEFTLY, THE NOTE IS SNATCHED FROM LIFELESS FINGERS...





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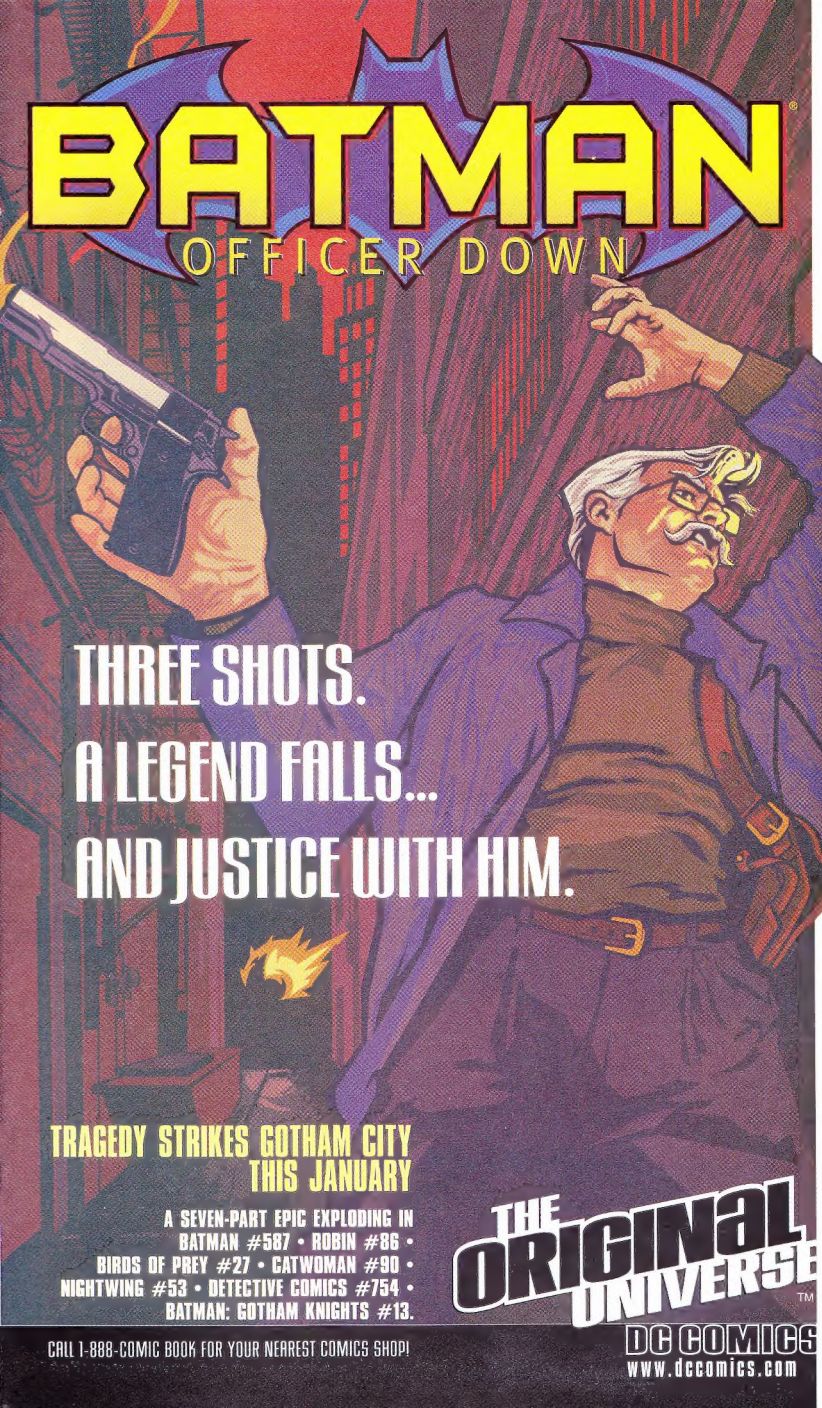
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THREE SHOTS.
A LEGEND FALLS...
AND JUSTICE WITH HIM.
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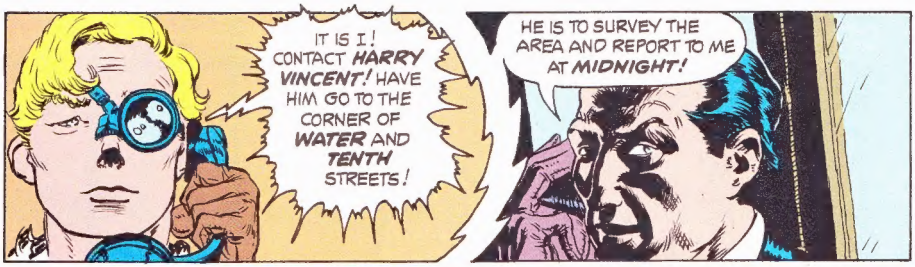
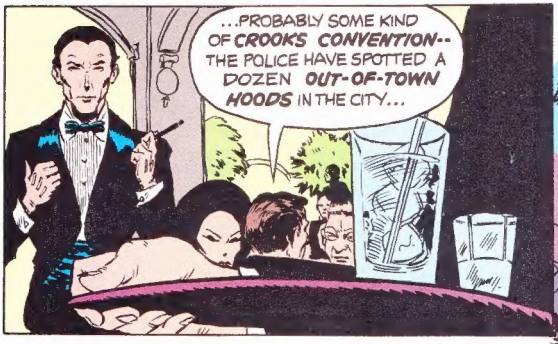
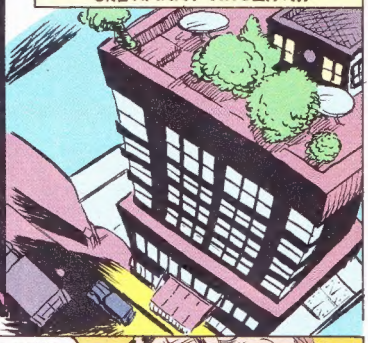
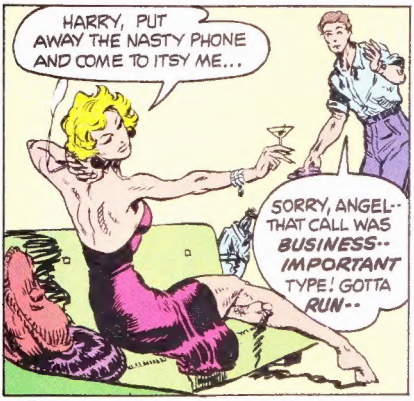


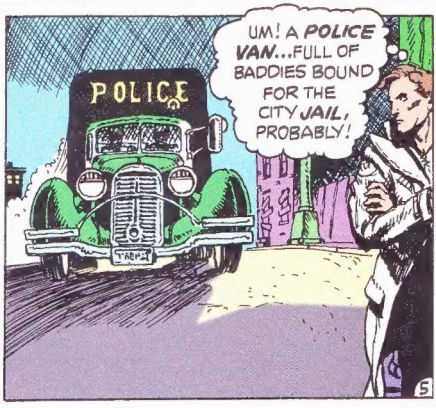
AS CRANSTON IDLY DRIFTS TOWARD HIS TABLE, A CHANCE REMARK FROM A DINING CLUB-MEMBER CAUSES HIM TO SUPPRESS A SMILE...



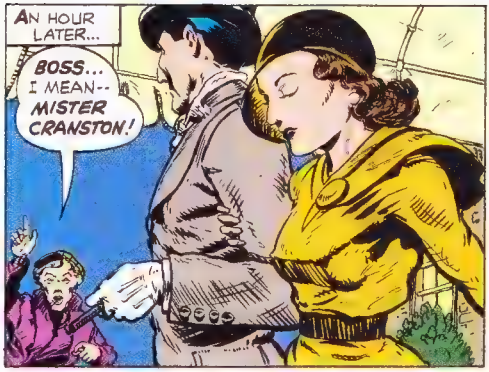
MEANWHILE, IN THE UPPER EAST-SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING OWNED BY ONE HARRY VINCENT...

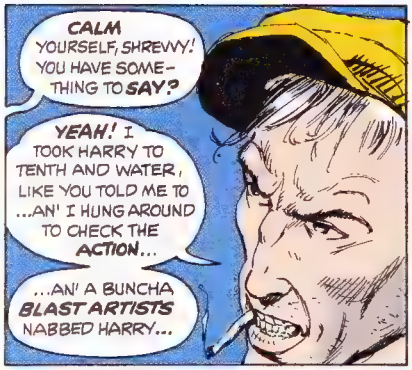






SUDDENLY, FROM THE BLACKNESS... GUNFIRE SNAPS AT THE VAN...
BLAT-TA-TCHOW!
...A TIRE BLOWS...
SCREEEEEEEEE
THE VAN VEERS INTO A PARKED CAR AS MASKED MEN ARMED WITH THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUNS ERUPT FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES...
KA-RAASH!
POLICE
JAILBREAK! THE BIRDS WITH THE CHATTER GUNS ARE BLASTING THE GUARDS...GONNA FREE THE PRISONERS--
--BUT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
POCKAPOCH
BLAMM
BUDDARUP


AN HOUR LATER...
BOSS... I MEAN-- MISTER CRANSTON!


CALM YOURSELF, SHREWY! YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY?
YEAH! I TOOK HARRY TO TENTH AND WATER, LIKE YOU TOLD ME TO ...AN' I HUNG AROUND TO CHECK THE ACTION...
...AN' A BUNCHA BLAST ARTISTS NABBED HARRY...

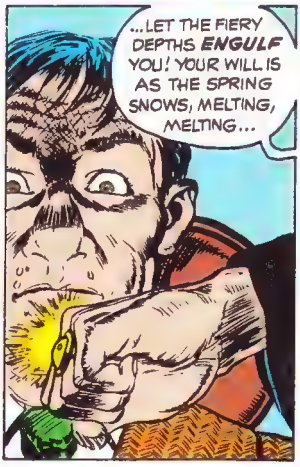
I WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO GIVE 'IM A HAND...BUT I TAILED 'EM TO A SPOT ON LONG ISLAND--
YOU CAN FINISH YOUR STORY ON THE WAY!
MARGO, I'LL MEET YOU AT HEADQUARTERS!

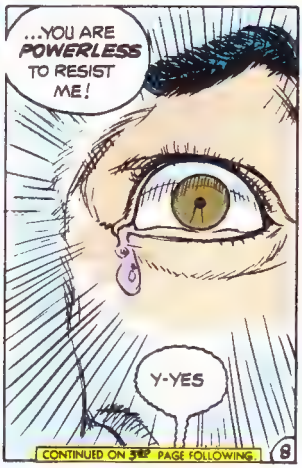
AND A FEW MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT, AT A SECLUDED CLEARING...
YOU AIN'T CARRYIN' A BADGE, CHUM--YOU AIN'T A COPPER! SO WHO ARE YA?
SING... LIKE A LITTLE YELLOW BIRDY!
SURE, I'LL TALK--

--I'LL TELL YOU TO GO LICK YOUR ARMPIT...UNNGH!
HE NEEDS PERSUADIN'!

I'LL PERSUADE 'IM CLEAN TO DEATH!
SHHH... YOU HEAR SOMETHIN'?
HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA
A...LAUGH! COMIN' FROM EVERYWHERE AT ONCE!





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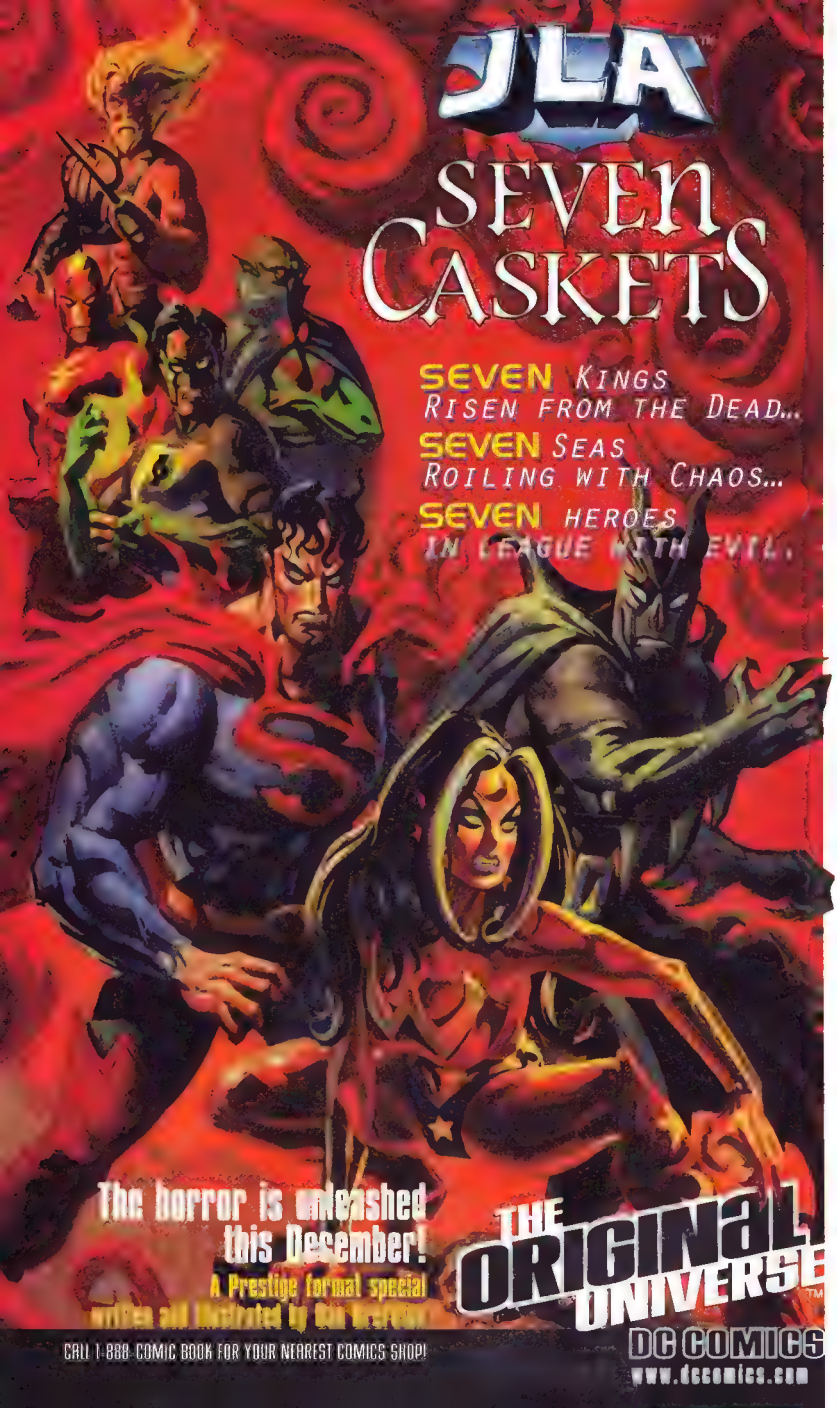
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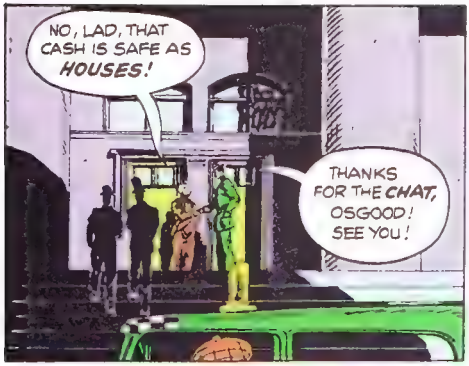
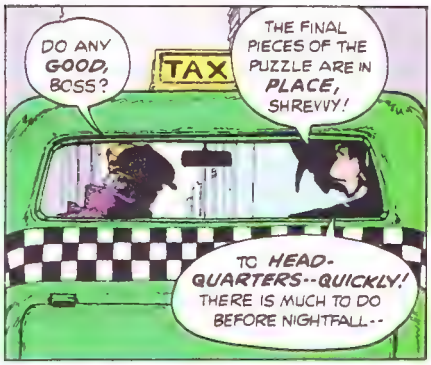
SPEAK! BARE YOUR THOUGHTS!
SIX MONTHS AGO... STEAL PLANS FOR NEW KIND OF SHIP FROM NAVY HEADQUARTERS...
...TONIGHT, RELEASE PRISONERS...
AND THE NAME OF YOUR LEADER?
DON'T KNOW... INSTRUCTIONS AND PAYMENT BY MAIL...IN CODE...ANOTHER JOB TOMORROW NIGHT...
...AT ELEVEN...
NOW SLEEP! YOU WILL AWAKEN BEHIND BARS!
YOU DIDN'T GET MUCH INFORMATION FROM HIM, DID YOU?
BUT I DID, MARGO!
I GOT TWO ADDITIONAL PIECES OF OUR PUZZLE! IT ALMOST MAKES SENSE!
PERHAPS I CAN SUPPLY A THIRD PIECE! I'VE LEARNED A SEA CAPTAIN WAS AMONG THE PRISONERS WHO ESCAPED FROM THE VAN!
AN ARMY OF CRIMINALS...STOLEN SHIP PLANS...AND A SEAMAN! YES--THE PATTERN BEGINS TO REVEAL ITSELF!
BURBANK--CALL SHREVVY. I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS FOR HIM!
9

EARLY THE NEXT AFTERNOON, LAMONT CRANSTON VISITS WALL STREET...
SECOND · NATIONAL · BANK
...AND GREETS FINANCIER OSGOOD BAMBER--
LAMONT, LADDIE!--WORRIED ABOUT YOUR INVESTMENTS?
NOT A BIT, OSGOOD! THEY'RE SAFE IN YOUR CARE! NO, I HAPPENED TO BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD--
--AND FRANKLY, I HOPED YOU'D LET ME IN ON THE SECRET! I'VE HEARD RUMORS OF BIG EXCITEMENT ON THE STREET!
THE WORD DOES GET OUT, DOESN'T IT? WELL, LAD...DON'T GET ALARMED!
TRUTH IS, WE'RE SHIPPING A LOT OF WORN-OUT CURRENCY TO WASHINGTON SOON!
--MONEY THAT'S TOO USED TO BE GOOD!
I'M SUPERVISING THE TRANSFER MYSELF--!
QUITE A TEMPTATION... FOR A THIEF! AREN'T YOU WORRIED?
NOT AT ALL!
THE SHIPMENT WILL BE IN ARMORED CARS GUARDED BY A CONVOY OF SOLDIERS...
--AND BESIDES, NO ONE EXCEPT THE BOYS IN WASHINGTON AND I KNOW THE ROUTE THE SHIPMENT WILL TAKE!

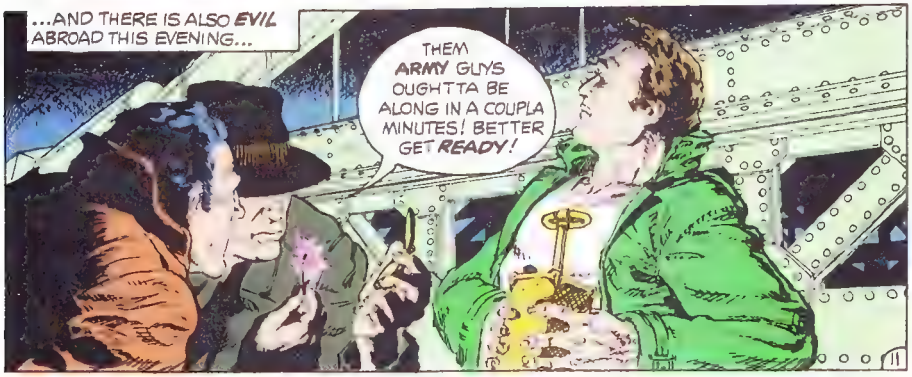

NO, LAD, THAT CASH IS SAFE AS HOUSES!
THANKS FOR THE CHAT, OSGOOD! SEE YOU!

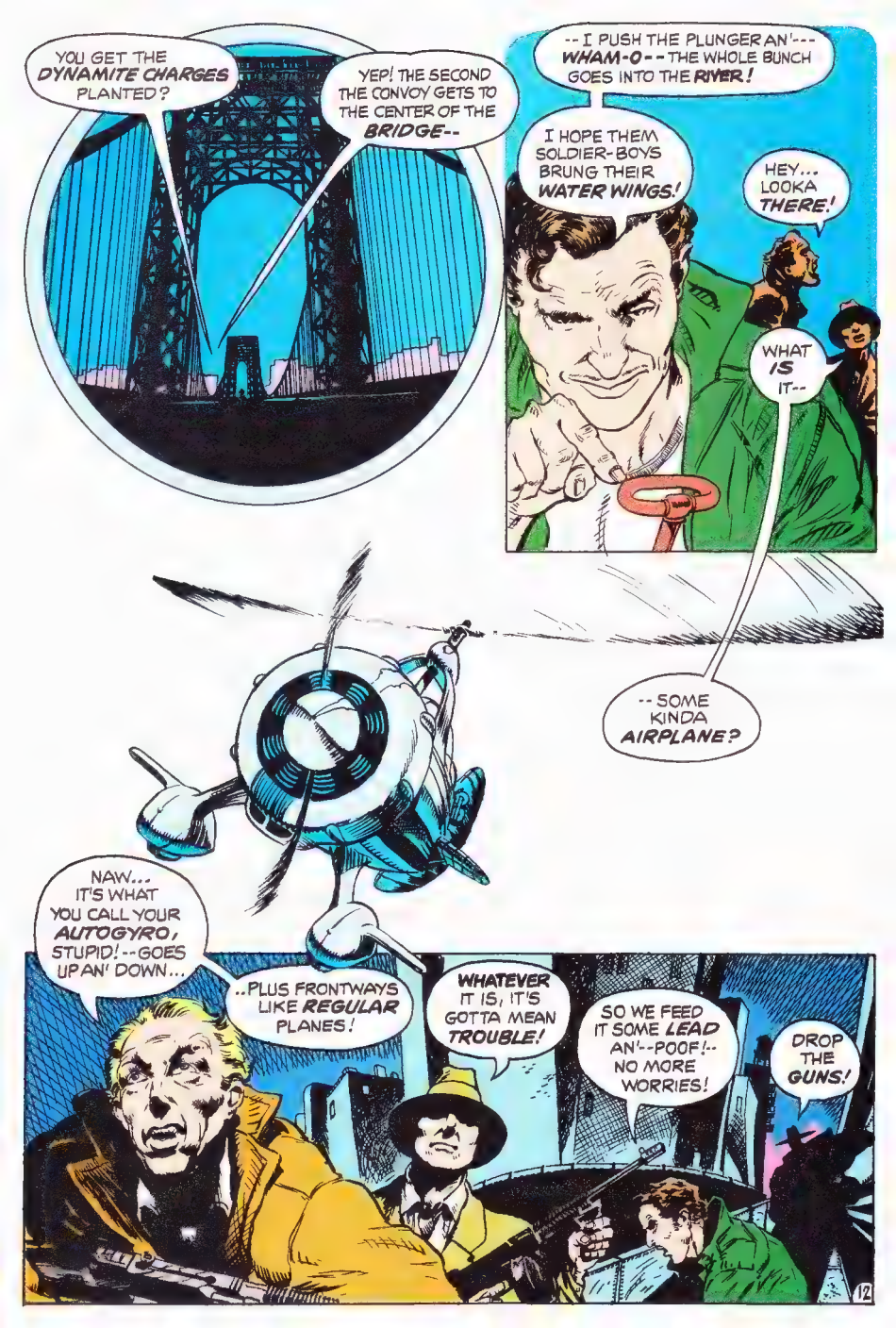

DO ANY GOOD, BOSS?
TAX
THE FINAL PIECES OF THE PUZZLE ARE IN PLACE, SHREVVY!
TO HEAD-QUARTERS--QUICKLY! THERE IS MUCH TO DO BEFORE NIGHTFALL--

--NIGHTFALL...IT IS AS THOUGH A GIANT HAND SNATCHED AWAY THE LIGHT THIS COOL SPRING EVENING, SO ABRUPT IS THE DARKNESS! BUT THERE IS MOVEMENT... ACTIVITY...

...IN LOWER MANHATTAN, A COMPANY OF TROOPERS LOAD A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF SHABBY BILLS INTO ARMORED VEHICLES UNDER THE WATCHFUL GAZE OF OSGOOD BAMBER....

...THROUGH THE STREETS THEY RUMBLE, BOUND FOR THE TREASURY BUILDING IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL...


...AND THERE IS ALSO EVIL ABROAD THIS EVENING...
THEM ARMY GUYS OUGHTTA BE ALONG IN A COUPLA MINUTES! BETTER GET READY!


YOU GET THE DYNAMITE CHARGES PLANTED?
YEP! THE SECOND THE CONVOY GETS TO THE CENTER OF THE BRIDGE--
--I PUSH THE PLUNGER AN'--- WHAM-O--THE WHOLE BUNCH GOES INTO THE RIVER!
I HOPE THEM SOLDIER-BOYS BRUNG THEIR WATER WINGS!
HEY... LOOKA THERE!
WHAT IS IT--
--SOME KINDA AIRPLANE?
NAW... IT'S WHAT YOU CALL YOUR AUTOGYRO, STUPID!--GOES UP AN' DOWN...
..PLUS FRONTWAYS LIKE REGULAR PLANES!
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S GOTTA MEAN TROUBLE!
SO WE FEED IT SOME LEAD AN'--POOF!-- NO MORE WORRIES!
DROP THE GUNS!

JADE
KILOWOG
ABIN SUR
IN BRIGHTEST DAY...
IN DARKEST NIGHT...
KATMA TUI
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THE MIGHTY GREEN LANTERN CORPS!
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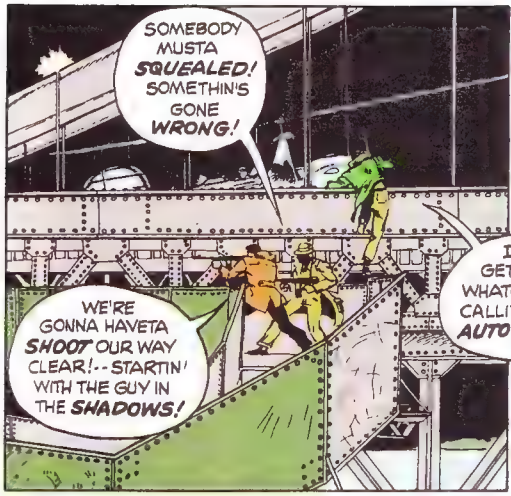
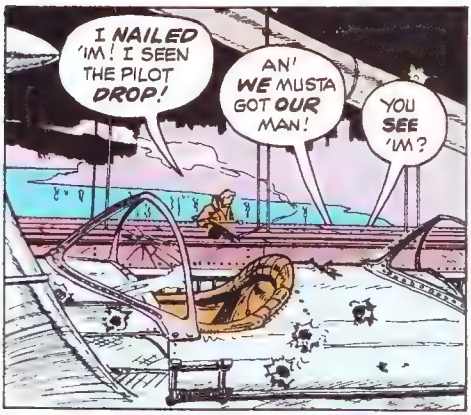
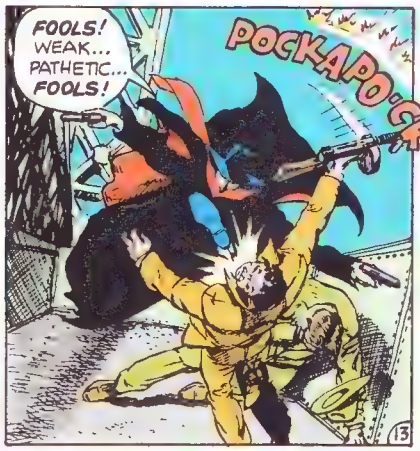

SOMEBODY MUSTA SQUEALED! SOMETHIN'S GONE WRONG!
WE'RE GONNA HAVETA SHOOT OUR WAY CLEAR!--STARTIN' WITH THE GUY IN THE SHADOWS!

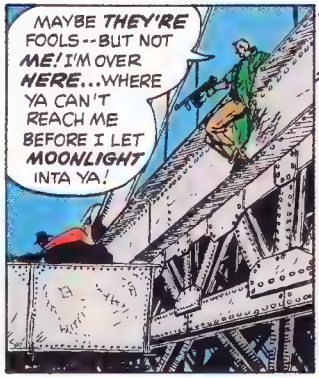
POCKAPOCKA
PAPOCKAPOCKA
I'LL GET THE WHATCHAMA-CALLIT--THE AUTOGYRO!

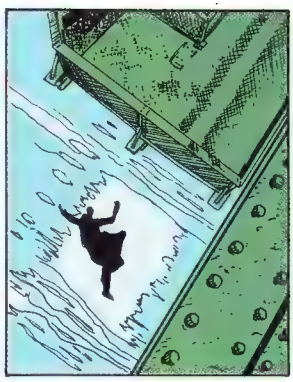

I NAILED 'IM! I SEEN THE PILOT DROP!
AN' WE MUSTA GOT OUR MAN!
YOU SEE 'IM?

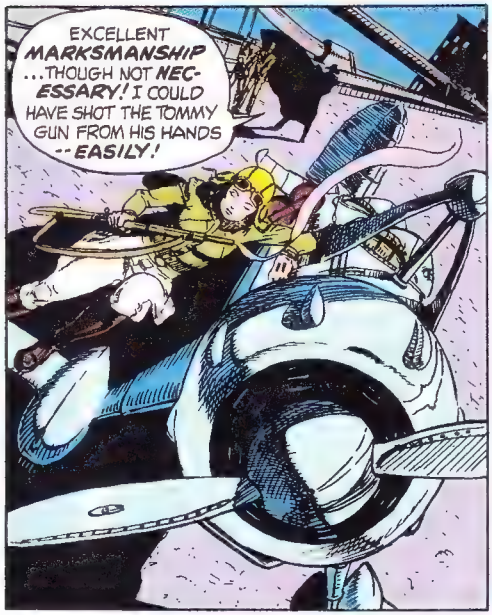
NAW... HE AIN'T HERE!
HE'S GOTTA BE! HE COULDN'T'A LIVED THROUGH THAT HAIL OF SLUGS...
HA HA HA HA HA

HE AIN'T HUMAN--N N.G.H!


FOOLS! WEAK... PATHETIC... FOOLS!
POCKAPOCK







CONTINUED ON 3rd PAGE FOLLOWING.

The JLA is GONE.
Now These Seven Must Form Their Own...
JUSTICE LEAGUES
JUSTICE LEAGUES: JL? #1
JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMAZONS #1
JUSTICE LEAGUE OF ATLANTIS #1
JUSTICE LEAGUE OF ARKHAM #1
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EVEN BEFORE BIRDS OF PREY, SHE WAS ONE

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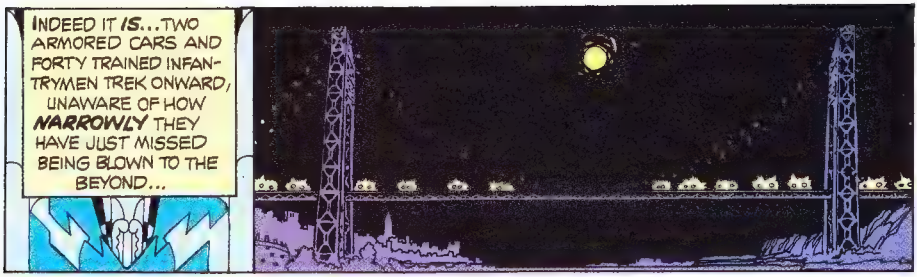
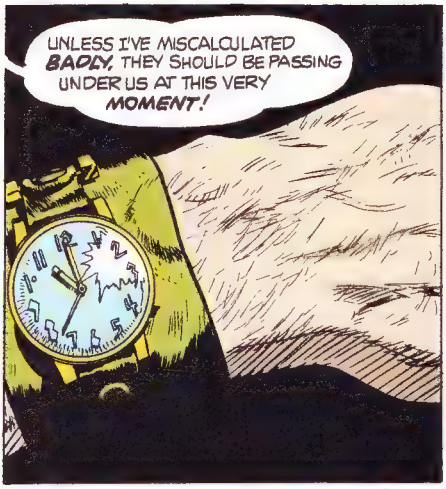
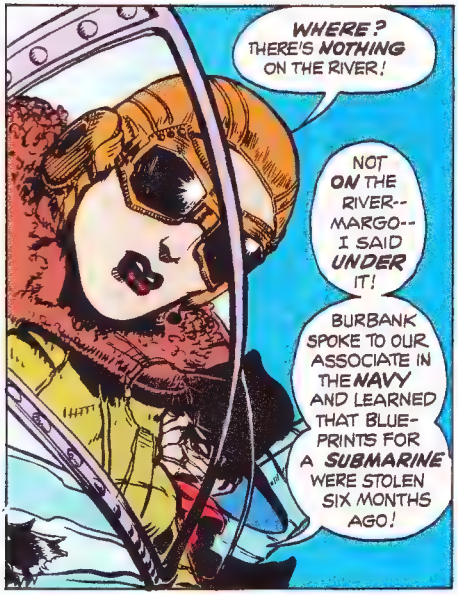
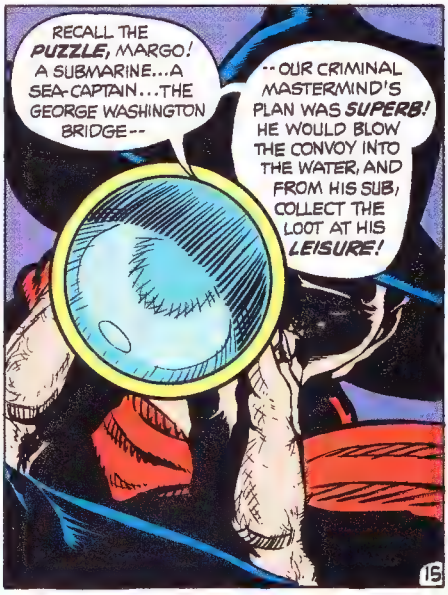
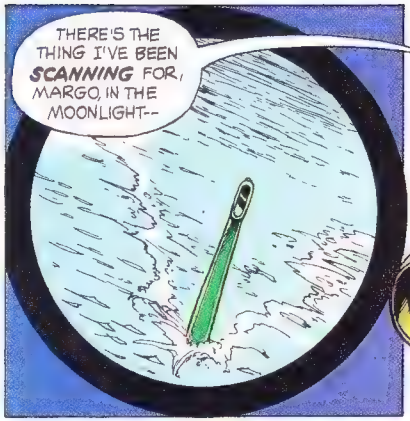

INDEED IT IS...TWO ARMORED CARS AND FORTY TRAINED INFANTRYMEN TREK ONWARD, UNAWARE OF HOW NARROWLY THEY HAVE JUST MISSED BEING BLOWN TO THE BEYOND...

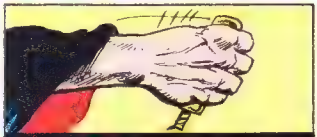
...UNAWARE, TOO, OF THE AIRCRAFT BEARING THEIR SAVIOR, HOVERING ABOVE THE WINE-DARK WATER...
THE REAL CULPRITS ARE STILL AT LARGE, MARGO! WE CAN NOT PERMIT THEM TO ROAM FREE..
...PERHAPS TO SCHEME FURTHER!

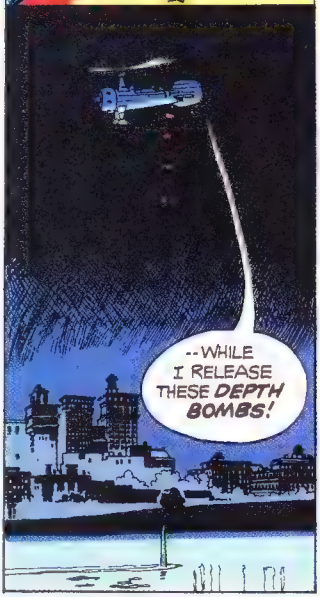

UNLESS I'VE MISCALCULATED BADLY, THEY SHOULD BE PASSING UNDER US AT THIS VERY MOMENT!


WHERE? THERE'S NOTHING ON THE RIVER!
NOT ON THE RIVER--MARGO--I SAID UNDER IT!
BURBANK SPOKE TO OUR ASSOCIATE IN THE NAVY AND LEARNED THAT BLUEPRINTS FOR A SUBMARINE WERE STOLEN SIX MONTHS AGO!


RECALL THE PUZZLE, MARGO! A SUBMARINE...A SEA-CAPTAIN...THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE--
--OUR CRIMINAL MASTERMIND'S PLAN WAS SUPERB! HE WOULD BLOW THE CONVOY INTO THE WATER, AND FROM HIS SUB, COLLECT THE LOOT AT HIS LEISURE!



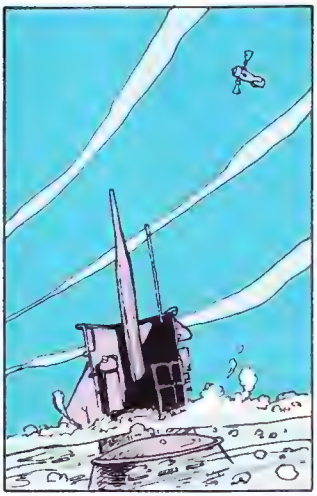


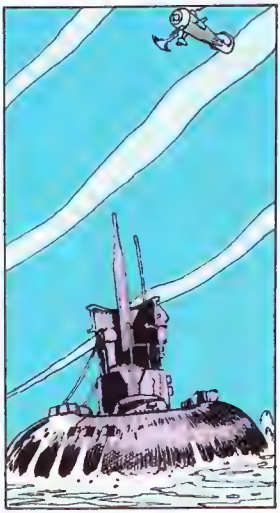


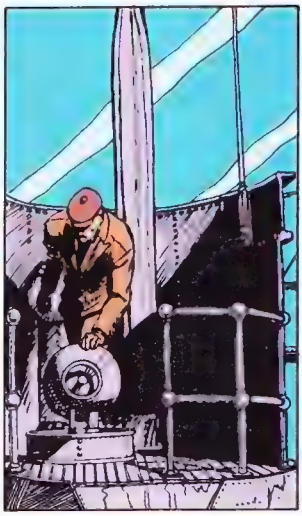
DOWN, DOWN THE LETHAL CANISTERS PLUMMET, TO SHATTER THE QUIET SURFACE OF THE HUDSON--

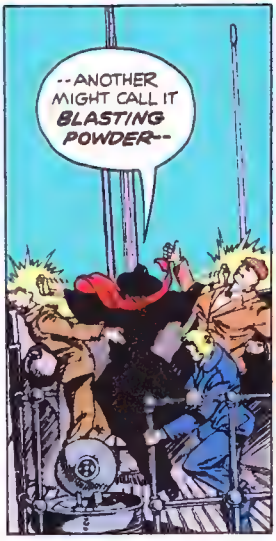
...AND, WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, SEND A SPOUT ERUPTING UPWARD, AS HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVES BURST IN THE MURKY DEEP!

WITH A HISS AND A GURGLE, THE CRAFT SLOWLY EMERGES, AND A DAZED GUNMAN CLIMBS ONTO THE DECK...



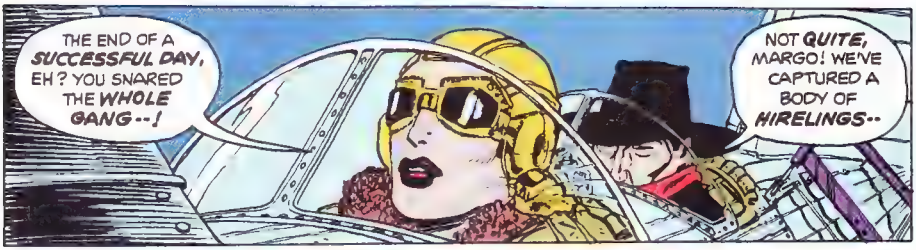


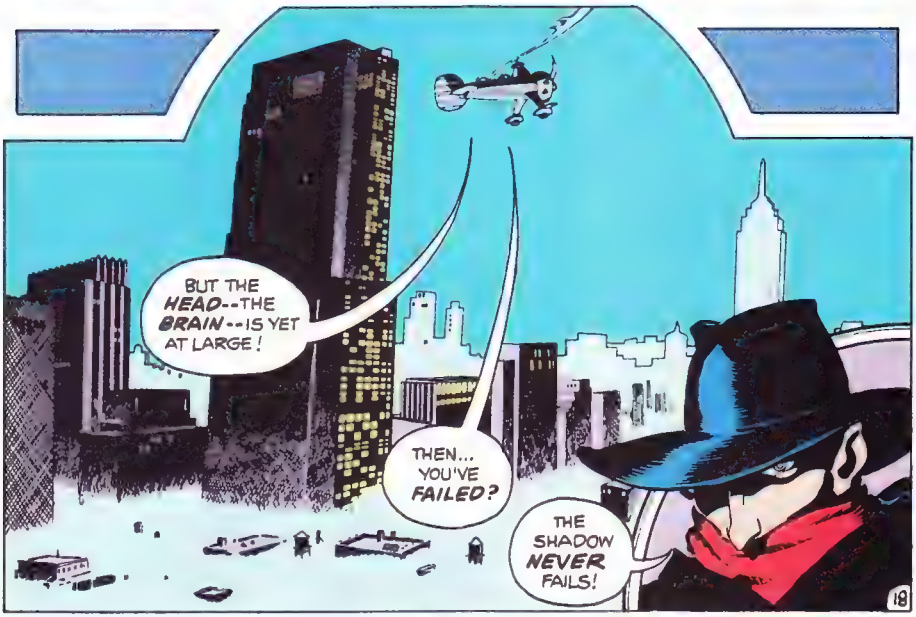




--THE VENGEANCE OF THE SHADOW!

HURRY... I CAN SEE A POLICE BOAT HEADING THIS WAY!
YES...I HAD BURBANK SUMMON IT!


THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL DAY, EH? YOU SNARED THE WHOLE GANG--!
NOT QUITE, MARGO! WE'VE CAPTURED A BODY OF HIRELINGS--


BUT THE HEAD--THE BRAIN--IS YET AT LARGE!
THEN... YOU'VE FAILED?
THE SHADOW NEVER FAILS!

They Call it the Doomsday Machine.
It Destroys Everything in Its Path.
And It's Headed Her Way.

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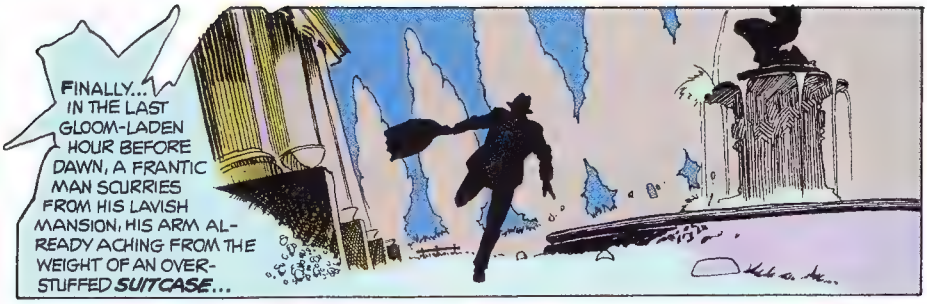
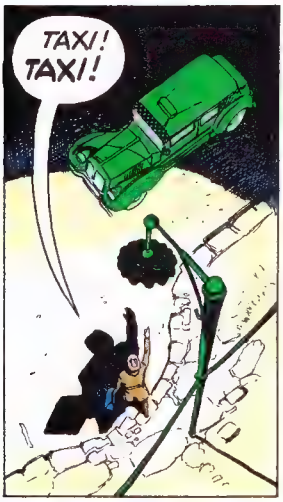

FINALLY... IN THE LAST GLOOM-LADEN HOUR BEFORE DAWN, A FRANTIC MAN SCURRIES FROM HIS LAVISH MANSION, HIS ARM ALREADY ACHING FROM THE WEIGHT OF AN OVER-STUFFED SUITCASE...

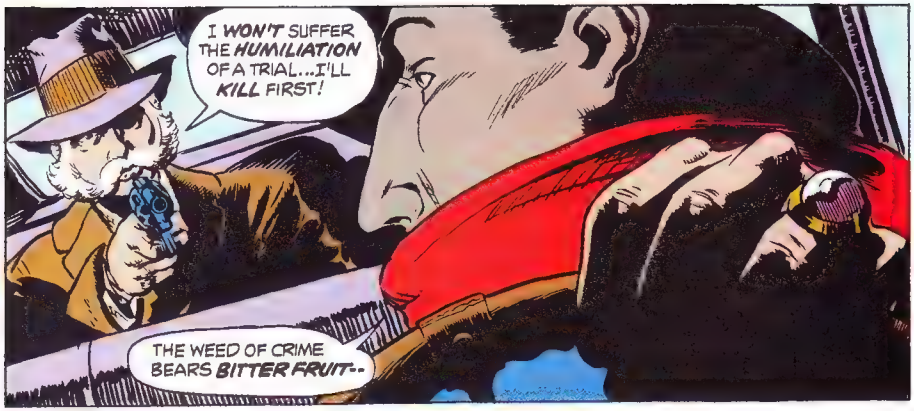

TAXI! TAXI!

WHERE TO, MAC?
THE RAILROAD STATION! QUICKLY -- I HAVE A FIVE O'CLOCK TRAIN TO CATCH!

RUNNING FROM YOUR EVIL DEEDS, OSGOOD BAMBER? RUNNING FROM YOUR ATTEMPT TO STEAL... AND MURDER?
H-HOW DO YOU KNOW--?

YOU TOLD LAMONT CRANSTON ONLY YOU KNEW THE ROUTE THE SHIPMENT WAS TO TAKE! ONLY YOU KNEW TIMES--AND PLACES!
YOU KNEW THESE THINGS SIX MONTHS AGO, WHEN YOU HAD THE SUBMARINE DIAGRAMS STOLEN!

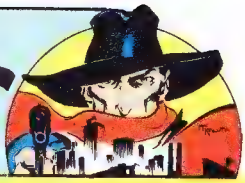
SO YOU MASTER-MINDED THE ROBBERY I FOILED!
WHO-- ARE YOU?
ONE WHO LOATHES SMALL, GREEDY CREATURES WHO PREY ON DECENT MEN--



AND...THE SHADOW NEVER FAILS!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE SECOND WEEK IN SEPT.

THE Shadow KNOWS



The editor stepped from the overhang of the building at 909 Third Avenue into the Spring rain. It was rush hour; milling pedestrians hurried toward shelter and cars and trucks honked noisily, like impatient geese. Pulling his pea-coat collar up around his thin cheeks, the editor scanned the street, looking for a cab.

"Taxi, sir?" The voice came from behind him. He turned and saw a wiry man in a billed cap and worn jacket standing by the open door of an automobile that must have been at least 35 years old. *Well, why not?* he thought. *Anything to get out of this wet.* Shrugging, he slid across the cracked, but expensive, leather seat and pulled closed the door.

He leaned forward and gave a lower east side address to the driver.

"Naw, youse won't be goin' there, not yet, anyways," replied the driver in a juicy Brooklyn accent as he guided his car into the traffic stream.

The editor started to protest. Before he could speak, however, a glass partition rose swiftly between the passenger- and driver's-compartments, and he heard a faint hissing. For a moment, he thought he smelled burnt violets. Then he was enveloped in sleep the color of night . . .

When he awoke—it could have been minutes or years later—he seemed to be floating in a field of pure blue. He shook his head groggily, and blinked. The room, if room it was, glowed with a pastel light that appeared to have no source. He could see neither floors, nor walls, nor ceiling. He was surrounded by a bluish haze extending, apparently, to infinity.

Suddenly, he heard a laugh, a deep, mirthless sound which reminded him of ice tinkling in a tomb. Involuntarily, he shivered.

"You are conscious, Editor O'Neil!" The words, cold as the laugh, came from everywhere—and nowhere!

"W-who are you?" the editor demanded.

"Men call me The Shadow."

"Why can't I see you?"

"Would you really care to?"

"I . . . I suppose not," stammered the editor, unable to conceal his fright. Summoning his courage, he continued, "I've heard of you. The Batman says you were one of his foremost inspirations. But I thought you were *dead.*"

Again, the marrow-chilling laugh rang; no further reply was necessary.

"What do you want from *me?*" the editor asked frantically.

"You control several illustrated magazines known as *comic books,* do you not?"

"I edit them."

"I wish you to use these to relate certain of my exploits as a dedicated foe of the underworld. Since the demise of my own publication, there is no suitable medium left—*except* for your comic books."

"Why now, after all these years?"

"I read in the newspapers, and hear over the radio receiver, shocking news. Crime waves threaten to engulf civilization. Corruption rules the statehouses and the slum-gutters alike. Morals are disintegrating. Violence is the norm. Decency is passé, honesty an anachronism, honor a joke. *These things must not be!* I hope knowledge of my past activities will serve as an example—and as a deterrent."

"And if they don't?"

"In such an event, I shall be forced to come out of retirement and renew my crusade against evil. Let your pages serve a warning to wrongdoers: *The weed of crime bears bitter fruit! Crime does not pay—The Shadow knows!*"

"You realize the project will probably fail?"

"*The Shadow* never *fails!*"

"Oh."

Another hiss and a flowery odor—this time resembling the smell of crushed peonies—ended the interview. The editor's head dropped and nothingness claimed him. . .

He came to sitting at his desk in his office, his fingers resting on his typewriter keys. Beside the machine lay a manuscript titled "The Doom Puzzle." Quickly, he read it. He emitted a low whistle.

"He's real," the editor told the empty room. "I wasn't dreaming."

Dazed and astonished, he began to type: "The editor stepped from the overhang . . ."

* * *

The Code Solution (See Page 4)

The Shadow saw immediately that the salutation to the message was three words long. This told him to read only every third word. Thus deciphered, the letter goes: Gun arrive water ten building across avenue. That is. Take guns to the building across the street from Water and Tenth. Got it?

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→ from inside front cover

this time, as the star of his own DC comic.

Dennis O'Neil, Batman writer at that time, was chosen to deliver the Shadow to DC readers. O'Neil stayed true to the vision of Walter Gibson, wisely leaving the Shadow in the 1930s and portraying him as "something akin to a force of nature," as he wrote in this issue's text page. The Shadow's inhuman persona enabled O'Neil to have him dispense the blazing form of justice for which he was famous. O'Neil depended on supporting characters (Margo, Shrevvy, etc.) to inject a human aspect into the tales.

Mike Kaluta, then a rising star as a cover artist on BATMAN, had illustrated a number of horror stories for WEIRD MYSTERY TALES and WEIRD WAR TALES, as well as a three-part serial, "The Spawn of Frankenstein," which appeared in THE PHANTOM STRANGER. Kaluta was the perfect choice for THE SHADOW, providing edge-of-your-seat storytelling that suited the Shadow perfectly. With a little help from Bernie Wrightson (who was originally slated to illustrate the series) and others, Kaluta's art played a major role in making DC's version of THE SHADOW a classic.

As it turned out, twelve issues was the extent of DC's Shadow adventures in the 1970s. Kaluta illustrated only five issues of the series; the remaining issues were handled by comic-strip great Frank Robbins and Filipino artist E.R. Cruz. The Shadow reappeared in DC comics again in the 1980s, with new tales by Howard Chaykin, Andrew Helfer, Kyle Baker, Bill Sienkiewicz, and others. And, interestingly enough, one of Walter Gibson's last published works — a prose story of Batman — appeared in DETECTIVE COMICS #500.

"Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" Walter Gibson knows, Denny O'Neil knows, Mike Kaluta knows, but most of all... "The Shadow Knows."

—Nick J. Napolitano

THE SHADOW #1
OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1973

"The Doom Puzzle"
Dennis O'Neil - Writer
Michael Wm. Kaluta - Artist

"The Shadow Knows"
Text by Dennis O'Neil

Original cover illustration by Michael Wm. Kaluta

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